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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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FROM THE "COMMEMORATION ODE."

JULY 21, 1865.

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that concentrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread,
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her time of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?
Boom, cannon, boom, to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, adance with triumph, bend your staves!
And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmful shore.
No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!
—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE LESSONS OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

The greatest event in the history of the United States after the war of the Revolution was the war of 1861. The first gained independence, the second secured freedom and union. The war of the Revolution delivered us from subjection to a foreign power, but it did not make us free. North and South were both enslaved by slavery. North and South were both delivered from slavery by the Civil War. The boon was a great one to the Northern States, which had been compelled for years to stifle their noblest convictions and quench their purest aspirations by the command of the slave power. But the yoke was heavier on the South itself than on the North, and the deliverance greater, which appears from the satisfaction the whole South feels to-day for its emancipation from the institution of negro slavery. Slavery oppressed the North like a nightmare, but it crushed the South with its intolerable weight. It was a dreadful evil to the slaves; it was, perhaps, yet more dreadful to the slaveholders. No wonder, then, that the South rejoices at its emancipation. Twenty years ago, slavery was defended by the whole South as right in itself, good for slaves and masters, and the only secure foundation for republican freedom. The Southern churches declared it to be a Christian institution, and many Northern divines wrote and preached sermons in its defence. Now, none so poor as to do it reverence. Public opinion on this question has gone from nadir to zenith. Mr. Edward Atkinson told me that he was conversing in South Carolina with two grandsons of John C. Calhoun, and that he asked them how many people at the South would like to have slavery back. "Not one in a thousand," said one of them. "Not one in a hundred thousand," cried the other. "But what would your grandfather say if he heard this?" asked Atkinson. "If our grandfather were alive he would say the same thing," was their answer.

The Civil War delivered us from slavery and its corruptions, and made us for the first time a really free people, able to read without a blush the grand deliverances of the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These words are no longer "glittering generalities," they are solid facts.

The great Civil War also made us for the first time a truly united people. It gave not only freedom, but union. Before, there was outward union, but internal strife. Since slavery was abolished these States have become truly one. We are now one in our institutions, language, interests, convictions, sympathies, and purposes. To the human reason there seems to be no root of bitterness which can again spring up to divide us. Each State, independent as regards its own affairs, is bound to the rest by such numerous ties of interest and brotherhood that we need no standing armies to defend us against each other at home, no mighty navies to carry on wars abroad. We are strong enough and peaceful enough to dispense with both. We need a small army for police purposes, and a few ships for shore defence, and that is all.

Such have been the great results of the Civil War—a fierce fever which expelled the latent elements of disease, leaving us exhausted for a time, but with a career of healthy development before us. And on Decoration Day we may well gratefully remember the graves of our heroes, and lay flowers on them as a fitting tribute to the courage and faith which will be forever fragrant and forever beautiful. These flowers, annually renewed, are more perennial than monuments of marble. The marble we leave to take care of itself, but the flowers fade and must be renewed; and every year they revive in our hearts the loving recollection of what this grand devotion has been for us. Never let it be forgotten. As the years pass, let this sacred memory be more deeply enshrined in our hearts. Wherever these martyrs lie, in Northern cemeteries, amid the forests of Central Virginia, on the hills of Northern Georgia, they will sanctify the land.

"The waters murmur with their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claims kindred with their sacred clay.
Their memory wraps the dusky mountain,
Their spirit sparkles in the fountain.
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame forever."

So many years have now passed since the war, that a new generation has grown up, which scarcely remembers it, and I take this occasion when Decoration Day falls on Sunday to speak of some of the important lessons of that terrible conflict, lessons which ought never to be forgotten.

1. The first lesson is Faith in the Power of Free Institutions.

Down to the time of the Civil War the permanence of our institutions was disbelieved by many thinkers in Europe, and doubted by some at home. "A republic may hold together," they said, "when it is small and weak, but as it grows larger it will fall apart by its own weight. Each section will have its own interests, and these will bring about division. The vast distances which separate the Eastern, Southern, and Western States will make continued union impossible. What common interest can exist between Maine and Texas, between Massachusetts and Oregon?" Thus spoke old experience, pretending to something of a prophetic strain. And many more distrusted free institutions; were afraid of the rule of a majority; thought public opinion an unsafe guide, and considered that a strong government in the hands of the few was safer.

The war came and confuted these theories. Then was seen the good sense which freedom brings to the mind, and the might that slumbers in a freeman's arm. No power on earth but that of free institutions could have conquered such a formidable insurrection as that of 1861. Napoleon, at the apex of his power, could not have called out in such a brief space the mighty armies which gave themselves voluntarily to save the nation. No one knew—we did not know ourselves—the love of country which was in the hearts of the people. We thought patriotism dead, destroyed by the mean desire of gain, by the selfishness of politicians and the strife of parties, by indifference to all public interests and absorption in private pursuits. A gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and the whole North arose, like a strong man from his sleep. The Northern Democrats, who had been supposed the faithful allies of slavery, snapped the chains of party as Samson broke the ropes with which the Philistines had bound him. More than two millions of Northern men entered the service during the war—Democrats, Whigs, and Republicans—Americans by birth, Germans, English, Irish. The rich gave of their wealth, the poor of their poverty. It was *their* country, the government was their own; they understood its value. They had been educated in free schools, taught the laws of duty in free churches, and they were ready to give all they had and were to save the land and its institutions.

Whenever, therefore, we hear our republican freedom disparaged, the worth of self-government questioned, let us remember how they stood the test in that terrible trial; how, when the crisis came, it was found that patriotism was not dead, and that men were as ready to give their lives and their fortunes for their land as the Greeks at Marathon or the Swiss at Morat. After the Civil War an entire change took place in the opinion of the world in regard to the stability of free government; and to-day we find the class of English statesmen who used to predict our speedy downfall, asking if they may not usefully adopt some of our methods in the English constitution. They find a conservative element in our Senate, and our President, superior to that of the House of Lords and the English monarchy.

2. The next lesson of the war is Faith in Human Nature.

There have been worldly cynics and theological cynics who have joined forces in depreciating human nature. Both make selfishness the mainspring and the motor force of man's conduct. The events of the great war were a confutation of this poor theory. A great enthusiasm of devotion took possession of the land. Some people continued to act meanly and selfishly, but the great majority were ready to bear witness to their convictions by sacrifice of ease, of wealth, of time, of personal safety. Then came the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission—great outpourings of the people's heart to carry comfort and aid to the soldiers. The rumor of a battle brought one Sunday to Boston hundreds of boxes of clothing, food, cordials, medicines, which were piled along the sidewalks opposite the Tremont House. Great fairs were held for the Sanitary Commission, one of which produced more than a million dollars. At the end of the war it was found that the people had given through the Sanitary Commission more than fifteen millions of dollars in supplies and more than five millions in money.

Men sacrificed not only their wealth, but their tastes and prejudices to the common cause. I was in Governor Andrew's room on

the 19th of April, 1861, when the news was coming by telegraph of the attack on our troops in Baltimore. While I was there Edward Everett came in. He had been nominated for Vice-President of the United States by the Union Whigs in Baltimore in opposition to the Republicans who nominated Lincoln. But, forgetting this party hostility, he said: "I have come, Governor Andrew, to offer you my services in any way in which you can make use of them." Another gentleman, a friend and classmate of mine, and no Republican, came in on the same day, and handed his check for $10,000 to Governor Andrew, to be used as he thought best. It was like the Day of Pentecost, when all heard each other speaking in the same tongue. One language was uttered by all—the language of patriotism. Republicans and Democrats, Whigs and Abolitionists, Conservatives and Come-outers, stood side by side for the Union. Young men, hard-handed sons of toil, or those who had been thought only "darlings" of fashion went together to fight and die for the mother-land.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Let us, then, think more highly of human nature than we are taught by mere worldly wisdom. "The times are bad," says Körner, "but there are yet noble souls. Common clay may tend to its mother earth, but all nobleness moves heavenward." Easy hours of enjoyment may make men seem frivolous; but when the great day of trial comes the depths are broken up, and we see that out of those depths men can still cry to God, and give themselves nobly to his work.

3. The third lesson of the great war is Faith in Providence.

After the war had been going on some time, my friend Dr. Samuel Cabot said to me, "It does not now require faith to believe in Providence; it only needs common sense."

How many things which seemed to us at the time disasters turned out at last to be blessings. The madness of the South, which precipitated the war, appeared a great evil; but if the Secessionists had not attacked our forts, seized our arsenals, made prisoners of our troops; if they had only practised "passive resistance," and merely refused to send members to Congress or to co-operate in the Union, we must have at last consented to a division of the Union, and the continuance of slavery. But God, by the working of those wise laws which we call Providence, blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, as he did the heart of Pharaoh, and they refused all the compromises we offered, fired at the National flag, seized United States forts and ships, and made it impossible for the North not to resist and not to be united. On the 27th of December, 1860, Charles Francis Adams, a leading Republican, offered in the House Committee at Washington a resolution, "that it is expedient to propose an amendment to the Constitution that no future amendments of it in regard to slavery shall be made, unless proposed by a slave State and ratified by all the States." The South refused this offer, for it was determined to secede. Fortunate for us that it did refuse, in its judicial blindness, for thus on the 31st of January, 1865, four years after, Congress was able to adopt an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery forever. Before the war the North was ready to go all lengths for peace, to offer every possible compromise; but the Southern leaders, blinded by false hopes, hurried their States into secession and revolution, and so prepared the way for a solid Union founded at last on freedom and on common interests.

Another series of events which were very hard to bear were the Southern victories at the beginning of the war. I recollect well the deep gloom which fell over this community when the news came of our first defeat at Bull Run. It seemed too much to endure. Our young men had gone to the war, not from excitement, not from any ambitious desire, but with sad earnestness of conviction, from a deep sense of duty. The North had sent its bravest and best, and the first result was this sad defeat. We did not know then that this very defeat would rouse the whole nation. We did not know the stern determination of the North, which repeated disasters only made more determined. Nor did we see that early victories on our side might have resulted in another peace which was not peace; in new compromises with slavery. Still less did we see that defeat at first would make our final success complete. I do not think it has been often remarked that if we had gained the first victories; if at the beginning of the war we had overrun Virginia and taken Richmond, the Southern troops, unwilling to submit, might have fallen back among their mountains and carried on an interminable guerilla conflict. And in such a war we might never have conquered them. Napoleon in Spain, with three hundred thousand veteran troops, under his best marshals, was unable to put down the guerilla resistance in the mountains. But because the South succeeded at first, and because it had at the beginning better commanders than

we, it put all its troops, and every man that could be found, into its armies; and when Lee surrendered to Grant, and Johnston to Sherman, there were no Southern troops left to carry on further resistance; and thus a guerilla war became impossible.

The South had its successes at the beginning; we had ours at the end. They were a more military people, accustomed to command slaves and be always ready to defend themselves. Our people were peaceful, hating war; but they had the determined purpose developed by our free schools, and habits of persistency learned in our thousand industries, and God gave us the leaders we needed. If there ever was a providential chief, it was Abraham Lincoln. Massachusetts did not wish for him at first; we wished for Seward. But what a misfortune the election of Seward instead of Lincoln would have been! In Lincoln God gave us a man who was wise, was calm, was conservative enough to satisfy the conservatives, progressive enough to content the radicals. He saw the proportions of things; the magnitude of the contest; the need of uniting the whole North, and keeping it united; of keeping the border States out of disunion; of moving forward cautiously, but with determination. He had the sagacious insight which could understand character, and make the best use of men unlike himself and unlike each other. How different were Seward and Stanton, Sumner and Grant, Halleck, Sherman, Chase! But Lincoln knew how to use them all; he kept each at work where he could do the most good. Lincoln never allowed any personal motive or any wounded feeling to sway his calm judgment. He gave high positions to men whom he knew to be opposing him, because he saw that they would be useful. As the war went on, he took the lead more and more, yet giving full liberty to his commanders. He was always at hand with his keen judgment, his clear insight, advising with Grant and Stanton and Sumner and Seward, but leaving them full freedom of actior. Without parade or profession, he was a deeply religious man;—outwardly careless and uncouth, he was a man of innate refinement; careless of speech, he could rise to the highest eloquence; claiming no deference, without assumption, not caring for the appearance of power, he had beneath his good-nature a hand of iron. As the years pass he rises continually to a higher position in the world's esteem, and will have his place in history with Alfred and William of Orange, with the founders and restorers of states, as the liberator of a race and the savior of a nation.

Fortunate, too, were we in Massachusetts, with a Governor like John Andrew; a man who combined such wisdom, integrity, kindness of heart, unflinching courage, power of work and endurance, and capability of influencing others. He, too, was a providential man, sent to us in our need, a tower of strength, a pilot to weather the storm. He and Charles Sumner and a multitude of others held aloft the proud banner of Massachusetts with the old words of Sidney on its shield; seeking placid rest by its sword under liberty.

Thank God, its sword is sheathed. Thank God for the prospect of a peace which shall endure because founded on justice and freedom. Thank God that the men of this generation know nothing of war except when we who are older tell them of their fathers' courage and trials. Thank God for *real* union between North and South, East and West. From the tossing surges of the Atlantic to the murmur of the far Pacific; from the lakes, covered with white sails and hurrying steamers, to the waters which wash the shores of Texas, all is peace and union, as if these seas had never heard the roar of angry cannon, nor seen the grim forms of the blockading fleets. How grateful should we be to God for this great deliverance! How thankful to the power who guides us through ways we know not of to an end of blessing.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

[This sermon was preached on Memorial Day, Sunday, May 30, 1886, to the Church of the Disciples in Boston.]

THE STILL HOUR.

WORSHIP IN SOLITUDE.

Alone with Thee, with Thee alone,
I breathe the heavenly air;
Lord! what sweet wonders hast Thou shown
Thy lonely worshipper!

Thou takest this rapt soul apart
Into Thy secret place;
Thou keepest for this yearning heart
The fulness of Thy grace.

For these blest eyes Thou openest
Full many a deep divine;
In these glad ears Thou whisperest
Some secret sweet of Thine.

Alone my gracious Lord I hail
In the sweet strife of prayer;
Alone I wrestle and prevail:
Alone I hold Thee there.

Alone o'erflows this gladsome heart
In many a thankful song:
What triumph breaks, what raptures start
From this unaided tongue!

Beneath some tree, beside some spring
I find a place of prayer;
Upon some mountain top I sing
And build a Bethel there.

The solitude how populous!
My Lord doth full appear;
The silence how melodious!
My Lord alone I hear.

O Lord, my God, mine All, mine Own,
Still grant these visits sweet!
Still meet Thy seeker all alone!
These blessed hours repeat!

—*T. H. Gill.*

We must, however, see that Jesus does not teach any pure optimism in the sense of ignoring evil. Evil was to him something so real and terrible that it were better to cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye, than yield to it. In this life evil is to be opposed constantly, untiringly, and with all our force. But to do this we must work in faith, not doubt; in hope, not fear. To have courage to oppose evil, we must hope to conquer it. We are soldiers, and we must fight on the side of truth, justice, goodness, against falsehood and wrong. But soldiers who have lost their courage are demoralized, and are already defeated. Jesus saw all the evil; saw the power of temptation; saw that when the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak; saw his approaching death, the disciples' desertion, the traitor's betrayal. But, below it all, he saw the foundation of rock, the great principle that God reigns, and that, therefore, truth and good must triumph. And this filled the depths of his soul with that central joy which causes the four gospels to be full of sunshine.

Men in whom the ideas of the State are incarnate, these renew its decaying life.

Good men save the state; but they can only save it when other men are capable of being moved and led by their examples. Hannibal could not save Carthage, Demosthenes could not save Greece, and Jesus Christ himself could not save Jerusalem from destruction. Nations can go too far to be saved.

The great hope of this land is in the fact that the mass of the people mean right, and unless misled by demagogues will do right. But for this hope to be realized, all Christians and patriots must work together. Then we shall have, in place of a nation hampered and fettered by evil institutions, a great and noble Christian republic, with its face lifted to the future, and the rising sun of coming centuries of human progress glowing around its brow as an immortal halo of glory.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

"Must the sword devour for ever? Must force, fear, pain, always rule the world? Is the Kingdom of God, the reign of truth, duty, and love, never to prevail? Must the sacred name of brethren be only a name among men? . . . Is the earth always to steam with human blood shed by man's hands, and to echo with groans wrung from hearts which violence has pierced? Can you and I, my friends, do nothing—nothing to impress a different character on the future history of our race? You say we are weak—and why weak? It is from inward defect, not from outward necessity. We are inefficient abroad because faint within—faint in love and trust and holy resolution. Noah Worcester, enfeebled in body, was not weak. George Fox, poor and uneducated, was not weak. They had light and life within, and therefore were strong abroad. . . . Our own souls must bleed when our brethren are slaughtered. We must feel the infinite wrong done to man by the brute force which treads him into dust. . . . Deep moral convictions, unfeigned reverence and fervent love for man, and living faith in Christ, are mightier than armies; mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of oppression and war."—*Channing.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following magazines are offered by Mrs. F. C. Brush, 1181 Broadway, New York City: *The North American Review*, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911; *The Forum*, 1909; *The National Geographies*, 1911; *The Century*, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909; *Humboldt's Library of Science*, 52 copies; *Country Gentleman*, 22 numbers for 1914.

REQUESTS.

1. Will some one please send me the following books: "Ben Hur," by Wallace, and "The Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay, if it is not asking too much? I have received nice books and magazines in the past which I appreciated very much and should like to have them sent again. Thanking you all for past favors, Miss Elma E. Horton, Elkville, North Carolina.

2. Mrs. Robert Snell, Coker Creek, Tennessee, living in the mountains twelve miles from railroad, will be grateful for reading and material for fancy-work or crocheting. She has six children,—a little girl of six is deaf and dumb, but quick to learn.

3. Will some one kindly send me the *American Magazine* for February and March, 1914, and also some Bible stories for my little boy of four years? I shall appreciate the kindness so much. I want to thank, through the *Cheerful Letter*, all those who have been sending me reading matter. I enjoy very much everything that is sent. Mrs. Daniel A. Monroe, Manchester, North Carolina.

4. Mrs. C. A. Vaughn, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8, living far from railroad and in a lonely spot, would like light reading.

5. Mrs. Eva Kinser, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8, a widow, asks for books and magazines.

6. May I come again with loving greetings? Words are inadequate to express my appreciation of the many kindnesses received through the Cheerful Letter Exchange. What a blessing the Exchange is to the helpless and lonely! God bless the work, is my daily prayer. I have been practically helpless for twelve years; cannot work to pass the time. I should be very grateful for books, or any cheer to brighten the lonely, painful hours. Should also greatly appreciate post-card or stereoscopic views of the World's Panama-Pacific Exposition. My mother has not recovered from her accident of a year ago, and is confined to bed much of the time. We are alone and entirely dependent upon the kindness of friends. With sincere thanks and best wishes to all, Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Tionesta, Pennsylvania.

7. I am a young mother with four small children in my care. I should especially like some little picture books to amuse the children with while I am busy. I refer you to Rev. G. O. Wilhort, Ansonville, North Carolina. Yours, anxious for some good reading, Mrs. Nealie Gardner, Ansonville, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1.

8. I live in the country and I am so lonely. I spend much time in reading. My books "to me a kingdom are." I shall appreciate it so much if some one will send me the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Pictorial Review*, and any good book they are through with. I especially wish to read "The Witch"; but I have forgotten the author's name. Anything you send will be highly appreciated. My pastor is Rev. J. A. Taylor, Whitaker's, North Carolina, Box 127. My address is Mrs. G. W. Martin, Jr., Whitaker's, North Carolina, Route 1.

9. Mrs. Mary Edwards, Polkton, North Carolina, R. D. 3, Box 33, would be glad of magazines, papers, and cards for her family, six of which are children.

10. I live out in the country on a small farm about two miles from a small town. I shall be twenty-two years old the sixth of September, and should like a shower on my birthday. Should like some good reading and a Bible in the large print for my mother, as her eyes are bad and she cannot see very well. I should like some scraps of calico, for I love to piece quilts. Should like a book by the name of "Ruby's Reward." For reference, apply to Rev. L. L. Smith, Ansonville, North Carolina. Ethel Ballard, Ansonville, North Carolina.

11. Mrs. J. N. Tubb, La Rue, Texas, asks for *Munsey*, *McClure*, or *Cosmopolitan*.

12. Copies of *Cheerful Letter* have been sent me by Miss Lena Graham, Portland, Oregon. As we live between twenty-five and thirty miles, mountain roads, from nearest church, have no resident minister. We are homesteading here. Refer you to Rev. Kingman, of Marble, Colorado, where we were very active in church work. There is a travelling missionary, Rev. G. W. Rohrbaugh, of Albany, Oregon, who has met my husband and two boys. Rev. Cummins, Episcopal minister of New York church, formerly pastor at Newport, Oregon, is acquainted with our efforts here. We were personal friends of the late Bishop Spalding of Salt Lake, Utah. Our two boys, aged twelve and fourteen, leave home at about five A.M., and return at about eight P.M., travel a distance of eight miles to school. They have a horse to ride; but a portion of the road is too steep to permit of riding, and the round is a big sixteen miles; so they attend every

other day. Their teacher outlines their work so I can teach the other days at home. As the distance is so great we are fearful they will not be able to make the trip this often. We are twenty miles from nearest railroad, eleven miles from store and post-office, and seven miles from our mail box. On first settling here we made a determined effort for school and road. We donated site for a school-house. My husband packed windows, nails, and stove eleven miles on our one horse, and with the help of two other "homesteaders" built school-house, donating all material except windows and nails. This material had to be split out of fir trees near grounds of school-house. We are very lonely here, and all love to read. Can you send *Country Gentleman* for 1914 or 1915, *McClure's, Cosmopolitan, World's Work, Popular Mechanics, American, Review of Reviews,*— any or all of these would be very acceptable; also: "The Crisis," Churchill; "Frethi of Nanseen: His Life and Exploration"; "Story of Garfield: Farm Boy, Soldier and President." If any one is interested in hardships and privations of homesteading in Western Oregon, we can give them information. I never have been to store or post-office since coming in here (over two years and a half ago); never in this time heard a sermon, or a song, or any music except the birds and brook. Mrs. Carrie B. Frye, Peak, Oregon.

13. Mrs. Nancy J. Smith, Spencer, Virginia, an invalid, asks for reading, magazines or papers.

14. S. C. Swecker, Foster Falls, Virginia, would be awfully glad to receive pieces for patchwork, and good reading. Rev. Dr. Hurst for reference, Roanoke, Virginia. Address Mrs. S. C. Swecker, Foster Falls, Virginia.

15. My dear mother has suffered so much. She has just returned from St. George's Hospital, and is not able to do anything. She would be so glad to receive a shower of reading matter, also letter to cheer her up. Hoping she may soon hear and receive some cheer, may God's choicest blessing rest on you and your good work is my prayer. Mother's address is Mrs. Sallie McCollum, Summerfield, North Carolina. From her daughter Claudia McCollum.

16. My mama gets the *Cheerful Letter* and I wish to thank the kind people who have sent us reading. I should be very lonely if it were not for my reading. Would some of your city girls like to correspond with me and send me some patchwork pieces? My age is seventeen years the seventh day of July. Suppose you give me a birthday party! Certainly I should enjoy it. Louvie K. Merritt, Critz, Virginia.

17. As I am very lonely and not able to buy books for myself and family I should be pleased to receive books and magazines of any kind. I have four little girls and one little boy. Anything that is suitable for myself and them would be appreciated. Mrs. Sarah M. Thomas, Elamsville, Virginia.

18. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Campbell, North Carolina, R. D. 1, with two boys, ten and twelve, and a girl of thirteen, all fond of reading, will appreciate anything that may be sent.

19. As my husband is away most of the time and I am very lonely, I should appreciate very much books and magazines, or reading matter of any kind. Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, Elamsville, Virginia.

20. Mrs. Annie Shepperd has moved from O'Donnell, Texas, to Arah, Texas, and would be glad to receive reading.

BIOGRAPHY.

LA FAYETTE.

(*Continued from June number.*)

Landing at Altona, on the 9th September, 1795, she proceeded, with an American passport, under the family name of her husband (Motier), to Vienna. Having arrived in that city she obtained, through the compassionate offices of Count Rosenberg, an interview with the emperor.

Francis II. was not a cruel man. At the age of twenty-five he had not been hardened by long training in the school of state policy. He was a husband and a father. The heroic wife of La Fayette, with her daughters, was admitted to his presence. She demanded only to share her husband's prison, but she implored the emperor to restore to liberty the father of her children. "He was indeed, sire, a general in the armies of republican America; but it was at a time when the daughter of Maria Theresa was foremost in his praise. He was, indeed, a leader of the French revolution, but not in its excesses, not in its crimes; and it is owing to him alone that, on the dreadful 5th October, Marie Antoinette and her son had not been

torn to pieces by the bloodthirsty populace of Paris. He is not the prisoner of your justice, nor your arms, but was thrown by misfortune into your power, when he fled before the same monsters of bloody crime who brought the king and queen to the scaffold. Three of my family have perished on the same scaffold, my aged grandparent, my mother, and my sister. Will the emperor of Germany close the dark catalogue, and doom my husband to a dungeon worse than death? Restore him, sire—not to his army, to his power, to his influence—but restore his shattered health, his ruined fortunes—to the affections of his fellow-citizens in America, where he is content to live and close his career—to his wife and children."

The emperor was a humane man, he heard, reasoned, hesitated; told her "his hands were tied" by reasons of state, and permitted her to shut herself up with her daughters in the cells of Olmutz; there her health failed; she asked to be permitted to spend a month at Vienna, to recruit it, and was answered that she might leave the prison whenever she pleased, but that if she left it, she could never return there. On this condition, she rejects the indulgence with disdain; and prepares to sink under the slow poison of an infected atmosphere, by her husband's side. But her brave heart—fit partner for a hero's—bore her through the trial, though the hand of death was upon her. She prolonged a feeble existence for ten years after their release from captivity, but never recovered the effects of this merciless imprisonment.

The interposition of the friends of La Fayette in Europe and America, to obtain his release, was unsuccessful. On the floor of the house of commons General Fitzpatrick, on the 16th of December, 1796, made a motion in his behalf. It was supported by Colonel Tarleton, who had fought against La Fayette in America, by Wilberforce and Fox. The speech of the latter is one of the most admirable specimens of eloquence ever heard in a deliberative assembly. General Washington, then president of the United States, wrote a letter to the emperor of Germany. What would not the emperor have afterwards given to have had the wisdom to grant the liberty of La Fayette to the entreaty of Washington? But an advocate was at hand who would not be refused. The "Man of Destiny" was in the field. The Archduke Charles was matched against him during the campaign of 1797.

The eagles of Bonaparte flew from victory to victory. The archduke displayed against him all the resources of the old school. But the days of strategy were over. Bonaparte stormed upon his front, threw his army across deep rivers, burst upon his rear, and annihilated the astonished duke in the midst of his manœuvres. He fought ten pitched battles in twenty days, drove the Austrians across the Julian Alps, approached within eleven days' march of Vienna, and then granted the emperor, just preparing for flight into the recesses of Germany, the treaty of Campio Formio, having demanded, in the preliminary conferences of Leoben, the release of La Fayette. Napoleon was often afterwards heard to say that, in all his negotiations with foreign powers, he had never experienced so pertinacious a resistance as that which was made to this demand. The Austrian envoys at the French headquarters asserted that he was in confinement in the imperial territories. But Bonaparte distrusted this assertion, and sent a former aide-de-camp of La Fayette to communicate directly with the Austrian minister on the subject. He was finally released on the 23d September, 1797. But while his liberation was effected by the interference of the army of the republic abroad, the confiscation and sale of the residue of his property went on at home.

Included in the general decree of outlawry, as an emigrant, La Fayette did not go back to France till the directory was overturned. On the establishment of the consular government, being restored to his civil rights, though with the loss of nearly all his estates he returned to his native country, and sought the retirement of Lagrange. He was indebted to Napoleon for release from captivity, probably for the lives of himself and family. He could not but see that all hope of restoring the constitution of 1791, to which he had pledged his faith, was over, and he had every reason of interest and gratitude to compound with the state of things as it existed. But he never wavered for a moment. Bonaparte endeavored, in a personal interview, to persuade him to enter the senate, but in vain.

From the tranquillity of private life, nothing could now draw him. Mr. Jefferson offered him the place of governor of Louisiana, then just become a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling, by leaving France, to take a step that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty on the continent of Europe. Napoleon ceased to importune him, and he lived at Lagrange, retired and unmolested, the only man who had gone through the terrible revolution with a character free from every just impeachment. He entered it with a princely fortune. In the

various high offices he had filled, he had declined all compensation. He came out poor. He entered it in the meridian of early manhood, with a frame of iron. He came out of it fifty years of age, his strength impaired by the cruelties of his long imprisonment.

But the time at length arrived which was to call La Fayette from his retirement and place him again the veteran pilot at the helm. The colossal edifice of the empire, which had been reared by Napoleon, crumbled by its own weight. The pride, the interests, the vanity, the patriotism of the nations were too deeply insulted and wounded by his domination.

The armies of Europe poured down like an inundation on France. Twice the conqueror is conquered, the dynasty of the Bourbons is restored and La Fayette is now found at the tribune. Tranquillity being established in France, and being now invited to visit the United States by a vote of congress, he comes to our shores on the 25th August, 1824, and is received with the most enthusiastic welcome. His tour through the country will never be forgotten. Everywhere he was met by crowds of people, anxious to see the benefactor of their country, and to testify their heartfelt homage and gratitude. There is, perhaps, nothing in La Fayette's life more remarkable than the admirable tact, sense, and propriety displayed in his answers to the various addresses made as he passed through the country.

Having spent several months in the United States, he returns to France, and we soon see him at the head of a new revolution. In July, 1830, Charles X. and his family are seen flying from Paris, and La Fayette is commander of the National Guards in the Hôtel de Ville. The dynasty is changed. Louis Philippe is established upon the basis of a constitutional monarchy, and La Fayette once more resigns his commission. Insensible to the love of power, of money, and of place, he is again a private citizen, exercising only the office of a representative in the chamber of deputies. Thus he continued till May, 1834. In attending the funeral of a colleague, he contracted a cold, which settled on his lungs. After a struggle with the remains of a once powerful constitution, the disease triumphed, and, on the 20th of the month, the patriot of liberty expired at Paris, aged seventy-seven. He was buried by his own direction, not within the walls of the Pantheon—not among the great and illustrious that people the silent alleys of Père la Chaise—but in a rural cemetery near Paris, by the side of her who had shared his pure love of liberty, his triumphs, his dungeon, and his undying renown. In a secluded garden in this humble retreat, beneath the shade of a row of linden trees, by the side of his wife and his daughter, the friend of Washington and America lies in his last repose.

In whatever aspect we may regard the life of La Fayette, it must strike us as one of the most remarkable in history. It is crowded with events of an extraordinary character, and displays a union of qualities rarely found in one individual. In early life he is superior to the seductions of wealth and flattery; he is not enervated by luxury, nor corrupted by vice. While all around him is bent in homage to royalty, his lofty spirit sympathizes with a remote people, struggling for liberty, and with an elevation of soul rarely paralleled, he crosses the Atlantic, expends his fortune, and risks his life in the cause of freedom.

In his own country, he becomes the leader of mighty movements in behalf of oppressed humanity. He acquires an ascendency over millions, and is at the head of the mightiest army of citizen soldiers that was ever organized. He became the shield of royalty and the Atlas of the revolution. The scene changes; the reign of terror is established, and he is obliged to fly before the tempest. He is first an exile—then a captive—and, finally, a prisoner, cut off from light and air, and the knowledge of mankind. He lingers in dungeons for years; he escapes, is recaptured, and immured in still deeper dungeons. Again he is at liberty—he returns to private life, and here he remains, a witness of the most stupendous events, till a new convulsion shakes the earth, and he is summoned from his retirement. The storm is tranquillized, and after an absence of forty years, he revisits the far land whose freedom he had helped to achieve. Here he finds a nation of three millions increased to twelve, and a generation born since his departure, now ready to welcome him, and shower honors and blessings on his name. He returns to Europe, and still another revolution is at hand. In the midst of the tempest, he seizes upon the helm, and while the Bourbon monarch flies, he holds the reins of power in the capital. A new dynasty is founded, and a new king is set upon the throne; order is restored, and the patriot, laying down his mighty power, retires again to the tranquil pursuits of country life.

What a checkered history is here! What vicissitudes of fortune, yet what consistency of action! There is an equanimity, a dignity, a steadfastness, about the character of La Fayette, which elevates him as far above the

common heroes of history as the top of the mountain, catching the very hues of heaven, is above the vulgar mounds and knolls which lie scattered at its base; and the secret of this elevation lies in the motive which inspired his actions. He was a patriot—a philanthropist. He lived for his country—for mankind. He was indeed a man of rare faculties—he possessed a skill of adaptation and a quickness of perception, amounting to genius; yet his fame, his power, his greatness, arose less from his intellectual gifts than his moral elevation. How great a boon he conferred on mankind—not only by his deeds, but by his fame, and his example! He has taught the world the path to truer glory than that which is won upon the battlefield; he has shown the elevating and ennobling power of a virtuous principle, and he has set before mankind the strong argument of example in favor of a disinterested philanthropic career.—*Peter Parley's Miscellanies.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK.

Up where the tree-tops toss and waver
Each emerald crest,
Carols a bird with a rose-red favor
Bound to his breast.

Though the rosebud sleeps and will only waken
To June's soft word,
Look! The soul of a rose has taken
The form of a bird,

Of a flower-like bird or a red rose gifted
With song and wings.
Up where the light and the leaves are shifted,
A grosbeak sings.

—*Helen Minturn Seymour.*

THE GROSBEAK'S SONG.

The song of the rose-breasted grosbeak is the theme of every nature-writer, and all unite in pronouncing it of the highest type. In some respects it resembles that of the robin, but it is thought to have a more refined and musical quality. The description of the song of this bird by Audubon is such a delightful exhibition of the character of the man, showing so perfectly his childlike faith in a Creator, and his absolute absorption in the beauties of nature, that the passage is given in full:—

"One year, in the month of August, I was trudging along the shores of the Mohawk River, when night overtook me. Being little acquainted with that part of the country, I resolved to camp where I was. The evening was calm and beautiful, the sky sparkled with stars, which were reflected by the smooth waters, and the deep shade of the rocks and trees of the opposite shore fell on the bosom of the stream, while gently from afar came on the ear the muttering sound of the cataract. My little fire was soon lighted under a rock, and spreading out my scanty stock of provisions, I reclined on my grassy couch. As I looked around on the fading features of the beautiful landscape, my heart turned toward my distant home, where my friends were doubtless wishing me, as I wished them, a happy night and peaceful slumbers. Then were heard the barkings of the watch-dog, and I tapped my faithful companion to prevent his answering them. The thoughts of my worldly mission then came over my mind, and having thanked the Creator of all for his never-failing mercy, I closed my eyes, and was passing away into the world of dreaming existence, when suddenly there burst on my soul the serenade of the rose-breasted bird, so rich, so mellow, so loud in the stillness of the night, that sleep fled from my eyelids. Never did I enjoy music more; it thrilled through my heart, and surrounded me with an atmosphere of bliss. One might easily have imagined that even the owl, charmed by such delightful music, remained reverently silent. Long after the sounds ceased did I enjoy them, and when all had again become still, I stretched out my wearied limbs, and gave myself up to the luxury of repose."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TRAINING IN GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

If the home is what it ought to be and the parents are good citizens, the training of the child in citizenship will be easy. In such surroundings the child will absorb the spirit of public service. A father has thus a double responsibility with respect to public matters. If he manifests a proper interest and activity in the affairs of his city, his state, and his country, his example will have a good effect on his child.

Of course the basis of training in citizenship is training in patriotism. In times of war, when a child's imagination is stirred, there is no difficulty about implanting patriotism in his breast. During the Civil War, when the thoughts of all were centred

on battles, on the dead and wounded, on the courage and bravery of the forces that were fighting, the whole nature of the child became wrought up, and the impression on his mind and heart never could be eradicated.

THE BASIS OF PATRIOTISM.

The severer the experience, the deeper the impression is. That is why Southern children have a greater love for the South than Northern children have for the North. The war was fought in their homes and came nearer to them. The hardships that their fathers and mothers had to undergo were part of their young lives. The courage and the deeds of valor recounted at the hearthstones of their youth increase their family pride. We have no such means to-day, fortunately, of stirring a child's love of country. We are glad that we have not, but we are reminded of what Professor William James said—that in order to develop public virtue we need to substitute something for war and its influence on character.

At the present day there are cross currents in our life that affect parents, and that must necessarily affect children. There is a wider interest in social problems; there is a greater sense of responsibility to society. In families where that is felt and expressed, it inevitably affects the mind and interest of the child and awakens in him a desire to help others.

But there is another current that I fear is inimical to the development of a proper sense of citizenship, and that is a lack of respect for present authority, discontent with conditions, and a general disgust with the organization of society. It is very hard in such an atmosphere to expect the flower of patriotism to grow in a child's heart. Patriotism is love of country, and the country is impersonated in those who for the time being represent her and act on her behalf. If at home the child hears nothing except contempt for the head of the state or for the government, what is the child to think of the country, and how can we arouse in him personal affection for it?

I believe, therefore, that the first step in training a child to proper citizenship is for the parents to inform themselves upon the advantages that they are enjoying because they are citizens of the United States.

Do we in this country have something to be thankful for, or do we not? Have we progressed during the period of 125 years since the Revolution and the Constitution, or have we fallen back? Is the condition of the average man worse or better than it was? Did our ancestors accomplish anything in separating us from the mother country, in framing the Constitution, in giving us an independent judiciary, and in inserting in the Constitution the guaranties of individual liberty, the right of property, the right of free worship, the right of free religion—or did they not?

Let us look back a little and see whether our condition is not better than it was two or three centuries ago, and ask what it was that brought about the change for the better. Let us go further back and look into the social condition that prevailed in the time of King John and the Magna Charta. Let us trace social and political conditions from that period to the present day, and see whether average conditions of human happiness, and of spiritual, intellectual, and bodily comfort have not improved, and whether equality of opportunity is not more widely spread. Let us understand to what extent our government protects the liberty and property of its citizens, and compare that protection with the insecurity of property, and the insecurity of life and limb, and the lack of personal freedom from which men suffered in past centuries. Let the parents first understand what the difference is. Then let them teach it to their children, so that they may be grateful for the change that has been won by the blood and struggle of brave and persistent men for seven centuries.

The truth is that we have yielded more than we should have yielded to the tendency of the age to minimize the benefits that we have, and to see only the defects and the inequalities and the injustices that remain unamended.

Any lack of respect for authority that the parents have must necessarily impress itself upon the child, and make that child less willing to obey authority at school. The idea that his wishes and his judgments are to prevail, and that he is not to accept the orders and the judgment of his teacher, has a very bad effect upon his training as a future citizen. Nothing could be worse than the strikes of school children that have occurred in a number of cities, in order to compel school superintendents and boards of education to restore a teacher who has been removed to some other school, or to do something else that the children think they wish. The silly parents who applaud such action and the weak school boards or superintendents who yield to them do not deserve well of the country.

The tendency of some parents to assail existing institutions, social or political, to suspect every one, to attack those who are fortunate, is sure to be noticed and copied by their children. The training of children

in citizenship, therefore, should, like charity, begin at home. It should begin by having the parents learn what they ought to be grateful for in their own lives; and if the parents must make comparisons, let them make their comparisons with the less fortunate in past and present, instead of with those who seem to enjoy more bodily comforts. If the child hears at home only jealous and envious complaints as to the good fortune of others, every automobile that passes him in the street will be a seed of discontent in his heart.

How are the parents to be brought to hold these sound views? There ought to be more public defence of the good things that we have in society; the voices of those who understand them ought to be raised to point out the advantages that we all enjoy. The trouble is that the men of common sense in the community, the men who understand economic law and the absolute necessity for inequality of fortune, and for the strong motive for self-help involved in the right of property and free competition, are not in the habit of talking. They assume that the theorists and the denouncers of inequalities in our present society will gain no more hearing from the people at large than they themselves are willing to accord to them. It is time to call a halt in the general denunciation of present conditions, until some one can point out a practical way by which those conditions can be changed without losing the real benefit of individual liberty.

BEGIN WITH THE CHILD.

I do not despair of a great deal being accomplished in that direction. It will not be very long before the danger of the spreading propaganda will impress itself on the intelligent people generally, and then there will be voices raised sufficient to oppose the present hysterical change for the sake of change—a movement that shows no consideration whatever for the value of what we have, and regards with utter contempt the progress that has been made.

But homes and parents are often not of such a nature that we can expect them to stimulate in the child a love for country or an ambition to be helpful in his citizenship. In such cases the function of the district or primary school becomes most important. By textbooks and oral instruction, the child can be made to know how grateful he ought to be for the benefits that have come to him from his country and its advance. Childhood of course is much influenced by symbols and ceremony, and they are legitimate means of arousing the interest of a child and stimulating in him the finer emotions. The custom of raising the American flag over schoolhouses is an admirable one, especially when it is accompanied by flag drill, patriotic songs, and talks about the origin and meaning of the flag, and about the men who have fought for it; in that way a child grows to respect and love the flag of his country. The contrast that our flag makes with the red flag, and the meaning of the red flag, is another legitimate and useful suggestion that may be explained to the child.

I understand a child to be a boy or a girl between the ages of six and twelve—the period when he or she is at the primary or district school. It is difficult for a person not intimately and systematically engaged in imparting ideas to boys or girls to know how capable the mind of the ordinary child at that period is of taking in and retaining political conceptions and perceiving the relation between a citizen and the government.

The political entity that comes nearest to the citizen and the child is the municipal government under which he lives. A policeman whom he meets on the street, the fire engine that he sees going to the fire, the sewer that he sees draining the streets, the sidewalks and the street paving that he sees before him, the lamp-post on the corner, the street cars running upon the streets—all are familiar sights, and it is easy for him to trace them back in his mind to the municipal government as the initiating or regulating power. The mayor must be a familiar name to him, and, if the mayor is as active as many mayors, a familiar sight to him; the school superintendent and the school board are easily fixed in his mind as the authority over the school; and it would not be hard to explain to him in a simple way the division of the city into departments, how the heads of the departments are appointed, and how the mayor is selected. If the election polls are held at the school-houses, as they well may be, the machinery of the election is vividly brought to the child's mind. The degree of efficiency with which the streets are kept clean and the strictness with which the policeman enforces the local regulations may be brought to his attention and measured by comparison from time to time.

An understanding of the enormous advance that has been made in the comforts and benefits of municipal life furnished by the city or town over those that the people received from the governments of cities and towns in the Middle Ages, even in the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, in streets, lighting, water, drainage, health, public order, and education,

as well as in hospitals, libraries, reading rooms, and various philanthropies and charities, cannot fail to give some idea of what he owes to modern government and to his country.

With an understanding of the municipal government to build upon, his interest in the state and country can be awakened by further simple explanation and discussion. Stories of those born and brought up in the neighborhood who have held public office and discharged their duties well, and have gone on to greater prominence, will stimulate the ambition of the child; and the real public service that those men rendered can be made a moral upon which to base an appeal for devotion to duty and for effort in the public interest. Teachers would do well to make excursions with the children to the waterworks, the fire-engine house, the courthouse, the city hall, and to the philanthropic institutions of public and private foundation. They should explain simply where the money comes from with which the work in these institutions and departments is carried on. If by iteration and reiteration they can firmly impress upon the child the fact that public money does not fall from the sky, but that it comes from the people who make up the government, they will establish in his mind a foundation of sanity and sound political views. I do not mean to say that much of this is not already taught in the schools, but I think that it might be more sharply emphasized.

There is much material in our history and literature that can be made the subject of a course of study that will fix the attention of the child and rouse in him the natural spirit of patriotism. A child is a hero worshipper, and patriotism is akin to hero worship.

THE POWER OF THE ELECTORATE.

I think our civil individual rights might be analyzed in a children's textbook. There is a general impression, not confined to children, that the right to vote is the one important feature of civil liberty, whereas it is not a right but a duty, given for the good of all to only a small and representative percentage of all the citizens. All citizens, however, as the child should know, owe allegiance and public service, and enjoy every right included in civil liberty. Such rights could be succinctly stated, with graphic examples and illustrations, together with explanations why we have such rights, how they are secured to us by our present constitutional guaranties, and how we might lose them. The textbook might set out the contrast between the prevalence of such rights among all citizens to-day, and their limited character and extent in England and on the Continent seven hundred years ago and later.

I do not see why it might not be possible to get clearly into the mind of the child the idea that the power in a popular government resides in the majority of the electorate, which is only a small percentage of the total number of citizens, that the Constitution is for the purpose of limiting the power of that majority in the exercise of government and control over the whole people, and that the limitations are enforced by an independent judiciary in favor of the minority and of the individual.

I do not see why the child could not be clearly shown that a majority of a popular electorate can be unjust to the individual or to the minority, just as in the days of kings and emperors the king or the emperor might be unjust to the individual; if the child thoroughly understood that, he could not fail to realize what an intense interest every American ought to have in preserving our Constitution, which protects us not only from the tyranny of one man exercising governmental powers, but also from the tyranny of a majority of the voters.

I think the child should know also something of the mode of life in earlier days, so that he could appreciate what a great number of comforts and benefits even the humblest citizens enjoy to-day that were absolutely wanting to the wealthiest two and three centuries ago. A history of the various inventions that have made life easier for every one would not be without useful significance to the child.

We ought not to be blind to the social poison—for I must call it such—that is being administered to some of the youth of our country. In every city there is a seed plot of anarchy. We should make active efforts to neutralize the spread of such ideas, because the ideas will grow and spread in a community where no one fights against them. We should make the child realize that there are enemies of social order now with us who would destroy, in their mad programme, all the liberty and happiness we now enjoy. In rousing a child's imagination to the real danger, there is nothing at all inconsistent with emphasizing his duty to share what he has with his fellows, or with impressing upon him the necessity for good manners, the foundation of which is an admission of the equality of other people and the right of other people to have the same treatment that he would wish himself to have. It can be made the ground for the strongest possible plea that he fit himself for public service,

and that he seize every opportunity to render it. It is not at all impossible that this training of the child in good citizenship may react well upon the parents. In the Philippines we found the primary schools the very best medium for teaching the communities the advantage of hygiene and cleanliness. So here, by giving the child a consistent, intelligent, heart-stirring course in the duties of citizenship, we might be able to reach parents whose patriotism and public spirit are flagging, and to stimulate in the father's mind at least inquiry that will be fruitful of good results.

I have dwelt upon the importance of bringing home to the child the advantage that he gets from living here and now, because I was so much impressed, in visiting the East Side of New York, with the patriotic spirit of the children of the Russian Jews and others who had suffered in their own country. They were made to understand, by conditions that their parents could describe and of which they themselves sometimes had first-hand knowledge, the full measure of the advantages that were offered to them in this free country.

Unless we wish to surrender and abandon our precious heritage of civil liberty and constitutional government, it is time for us to be preparing the next generation to appreciate what they will receive from us, and to defend and preserve it. We should make them know that the surest way to defeat the social enemies of our country is to purify politics, to hold high ideals of public service, and never to be weary in pushing measures of practical social improvement and progress—*William Howard Taft, Youth's Companion.*

THE LEGATION AT THE HAGUE IN WAR TIMES.

Professor George G. Wilson of Harvard University is one of those who by their opportune assistance aided in the work of the Legation at The Hague on the breaking out of the present war.

The American minister at The Hague, says Professor Wilson, was a very busy man those days. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, eminent clergyman, author, and college professor, accepted that position because he thought it would afford him leisure for writing which he could not have as a professor. How much leisure he has found you may judge for yourself.

When rumors of war began to merge into war itself, Americans who happened to be in Holland went to the Legation and offered their services to Dr. Van Dyke, who gladly accepted, "for a few days, until the excitement blows over." Weeks later found them and many others hard at work. One prominent business man was accosted in the street by a friend.

"I hear you are helping at the Legation," said the friend. "What are you doing?"

"Oh," replied the prominent man, "I am third assistant telegraph clerk!"

Dr. Van Dyke himself worked all day, every day, including Sunday afternoons.

Many well-known men have served their fellow-beings at The Hague. These men all had sailings booked for their return home, yet they stayed on until at last many had to return in the steerage, and were glad to get even that accommodation. A very prominent New York lawyer whose fees are enormous worked six weeks at his hardest and was paid $136.

Mrs. Van Dyke, as the volume of business increased, turned over to the work of the Legation the entire lower floor of the house excepting the dining-room. A continuous stream of telegraph-boys on bicycles rode up to the door, left their messages, and sped away. A gentleman who was assisting said to Mr. Van Dyke one day, "My wife is at the hotel with nothing especial to do, and as she knows several languages, including German, and can operate a typewriter, why wouldn't it be a good idea for her to come down here and translate these messages as they come in? It would save a lot of time." So in that way the Legation acquired another valuable helper.

Besides the regular doorkeeper there were two Boy Scouts and two marines, and even at that it was difficult to handle the steady stream of applicants for help.

Professor Wilson likened The Hague to the narrow middle of an hour-glass. Whichever way the tide of frightened humanity turned, whether from Europe to America and England, or from England and America to Europe, all had to pass through The Hague, and the streams of people with their troubles and grievances had to be cared for.

Applicants at the Legation were given each a number as they entered, and were attended to in regular order. Almost always this plan met with ready acceptance from the applicants, who appreciated the extreme difficulties of the situation. One day, however, a man entered, pushed by the doorkeepers who tried to give him a place and number, and strode up to Dr. Van Dyke's assistant, who was striving to straighten out the tangled affairs of an elderly lady. Interrupting, the man demanded immediate attention. The

assistant assured him that he would have to wait, whereupon the man became impatient.

"I am Mr. Blank," he announced; giving the name of a well-known owner of a syndicate of American newspapers.

"I am very sorry," was the reply, "but you must wait your turn."

"Why! Do you know who I am?" queried the man, wrathfully.

"Certainly I do," replied the secretary, politely, "but you must wait your turn like the rest. My advice to you is, get a number and a place in line as soon as possible."

If the man had taken his place in line as he entered he would have had number fifty-one. As it was he had to be contented with number eighty-three.

All sorts of complications came up for Mr. Van Dyke's consideration. Foremost was the financial situation. A gentleman came in who had a letter of credit for $5,000, yet who could not get enough money to buy his breakfast. His was a typical case.

Dr. Van Dyke consulted the authorities at The Hague and cabled Washington. As a result, he announced that he would sign all letters of credit in the name of the United States and that they would then be signed by the government of Holland. Thus they would be backed by the credit of the individual holding the check, the bank which issued it, the government of the United States, and the government of Holland. He sent word to the bankers of The Hague that if any of them denied a check thus guaranteed he would at once demand that the solvency of that bank be investigated. As a result of this wise move, bankers actually called and asked the privilege of cashing these checks.

At the same time Dr. Van Dyke ordered that, unless the holder of a draft wished to pay passage home, or because of some equally good reason, no check should be drawn for more than twenty dollars at a time. He also requested that the bankers hold these checks for a while and not demand immediate liquidation.

Thus when the "Tennessee," loaded with American gold, arrived at The Hague, the representatives of the American banners found Dr. Van Dyke with the situation well in hand and everything running smoothly. They asked what he wished done. As a result, The Hague bankers, who still held the checks they had cashed, were requested to call at the Legation. Then the Jackies from the "Tennessee" trundled in kegs of American twenty-dollar gold pieces, and the checks were redeemed, the courteous bankers receiving gold just when gold was the one thing they most desired. It is not often in this world, Professor Wilson suggests with a smile, that virtue is so promptly and satisfactorily rewarded.

It is not often that a literary man has the opportunity to save, by rare good judgment, a critical financial crisis in such a business-like manner.

Professor Wilson related a few incidents illustrating the brighter side of the business conducted at The Hague.

A little Danish lady and her child applied for aid. She had married in America and her husband had become naturalized. She had not. The husband, however, was in South America and could not be reached at once, and the lady had no papers with her to prove his naturalization. She could not legally claim help of the United States, though she was almost destitute.

Yet even in this case Dr. Van Dyke had resources. A lady about to sail for America had called at the Legation and left with him all the money she had left over after paying her passage and the expenses of her trip to her home in Boston. This money he was to use as he saw fit, without having to give any accounting. Others hearing of her generous act did likewise, with the result that a small fund had been formed which tided over many an emergency. He was able to assure the worried woman that he could assist her. She turned out the contents of her purse. The sum it contained she said would be just enough to settle her bill at the hotel where she was stopping. Would he recommend some place, some much cheaper lodging for them, as she would not wish to be any more of a burden than was absolutely necessary.

Here again a kind heart came to her rescue. A lady having a beautiful home near the city had sent word that she would take into her house and care for some suitable person whom he might suggest. Dr. Van Dyke sent for her and she came in her carriage and took the fresh-faced Danish lady and her equally rosy baby home with her and kept them till their affairs were straightened out.

Another case was of a lady who wrote from the north of England. She had lived in Dresden many years, but circumstances compelled her to remain in England for the present. She had, however, left her furs and her sewing-machine in Dresden. Would Dr. Van Dyke see that she got them, as it promised to be a cold winter where she was, and, besides, she had all her winter sewing to do.

Dr. Van Dyke turned to Mr. Langhorne of Virginia, who happened to be assisting, and jokingly remarked that as he was the

biggest man there it looked as though he would have to go right down to Dresden and bring back the lady's furs and sewing-machine.

A gentleman who was waiting, and who had caught the word "Dresden," said, "Pardon me, but I am going to Dresden, and would be delighted to help you in any way I can." This man was the owner of large theatrical interests in New York. The situation was described to him, and he undertook the commission. Later the Legation received a letter from the lady, thanking them profusely for their kindness and asking another favor.

Her married daughter was very ill and beyond all hope of recovery, while her husband was at some unknown place in Germany. Would they be able to locate him and let him know of his wife's illness?

Dr. Van Dyke at once set to work and by the aid of the telegraph was able to locate the husband and deliver the message. The man was well and with sufficient funds, and was already starting on his way home.

These facts Dr. Van Dyke immediately telegraphed to the wife, and soon a letter arrived from the mother which brought ample reward to those who had helped in the matter. It stated that the telegram from the Legation had arrived when the sick woman was at the point of death, but that the good news it contained had so revived her that the doctors had every hope for her ultimate recovery. The lady added that her daughter would not allow the blessed telegram from under her pillow for an instant.—*Grace Allen Morse, in the Christian Register.*

LETTERS FROM THE REV. JAMES A. THOMS.

MAY 20, 1914.

I shall be down among the peaks around Mounts Pharos and Taharvus and at the "drives" along the Schroon and Booras Rivers this coming week. We have 500 men there who need looking after morally and physically. Resuscitated a man on the "drives" who was all but drowned by falling off a floating log last week.

AUG. 22, 1914.

I am spending my vacation in the lumber camps of Indian Pass and Great Peaks. But I came out to preach and speak to the summer camps here. I ought to canvass them for funds to-day, but my 1,200 lumber jacks call me to the wild. I am the only spiritual leader they have.

Did I tell you in my last letter of my experience with a sixteen-year-old mother and babe? She fed (or poisoned) the baby on baked beans. Just one of the many cases I save. These women born in the woods, unable to read or write, densely ignorant of hygiene and dieting, etc., are very sweet and teachable; and in them I hope for a great growth. I see much improvement now.

I recently camped on Balsam boughs, under a tree, near an Italian lumber camp and was waked up about two A.M. by a mob of fifty to probe a bullet out of the shoulder of a Sicilian lad of 18, and sew up the razor-slashed hand of another. It seems they had fought over the affections of a girl in Sicily. I fixed both up, and taught them the gentle truths of forgiving to be forgiven by God, and went to sleep and slept until noon. Could tell you many other romantic incidents, but my work calls,—4 days in pulpit, 10 days pastoral calls in Jay, and 15 days among lumber jacks, and one to two days for correspondence every month.

OCT. 24, 1914.

You will be glad to know that our little hospital is overful of patients from the hills, who would have died or been enfeebled for life but for our scientific (and I hope divinely inspired) labors. One of our patients was brought down to our valley, too late, and died yesterday. This is our first death, and it saddened me immensely to learn of it. It was a forlorn hope, and prudence would have said "do not take the risk," but we did, and the transfer from her miserable hut to our little heavenly sanitarium, made her last days happy, and she died with a wonderful trust in our Heavenly Father.

We had also a fearful case of delirium tremens that no other institution would take. We had to hire four men to hold this patient down, several nights, but he is now restored and in his right mind.

STATISTICS ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA AND RABIES.

The record of the London hospital a few years ago showed 2,668 persons bitten by angry dogs. None of them developed hydrophobia. St. George's Hospital, London, records 4,000 patients bitten by dogs supposed to have been mad, with no cases of hydrophobia. The records from nearly all the leading hospitals in the United States show equally convincing figures as to the exaggeration of the number and seriousness of hydrophobia cases from dog bites. Many physicians testify that the average dog bite is no more dangerous than any other wound

providing it has equally careful treatment; and Dr. Charles W. Dulles, lecturer on the history of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, declares that after sixteen years of investigation he has failed to find a single case on record that can be conclusively proved to have resulted from the bite of a dog. The pamphlet contains some valuable facts and suggestions on this subject and tends to prove quite conclusively that much needless anxiety and fright is experienced by people and unnecessary cruelty practised upon dogs in connection with the subject.

Dr. Hiram Corson, whose practice extended over seventy years, never saw a case of hydrophobia. Dr. Traill Green, an aged physician, makes a similar statement. Dr. Matthew Woods, after searching for twenty years, and who during two summers visited every case reported in Philadelphia, never saw a case of hydrophobia. He has offered one hundred dollars to any person who will bring him a case, and no one ever claimed the reward. Many physicians whom he has questioned on the subject have never found a case either in man or animal. At the Philadelphia dog pound, where, on an average, over six thousand vagrant dogs are kept, no case was ever known. Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate School of Medicine, and President of the New York Neurological Society, says that not a single opportunity has offered itself to him to see such a case. Various other famous medical professors give similar opinions.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HORSES AND GRASS.

A famous veterinary surgeon declares that grass beats all the drugs in creation as a cure for sick horses and mules. Horses should have a few quarts of grass daily, from spring until fall, he says. The prevalent notion that it is harmful is idiotic and cruel. Grass to horses is the same as fresh vegetables and fruit to us. Their craving for it proves their need of it. Yet ignorant, unfeeling drivers yank them away from it as if it were poison instead of the life-giving medicine it is, designed by their Maker for them. When they gnaw the bark of trees or eat leaves it is because they crave grass and can't get it. Millions of bushels of grass go to waste yearly by the wayside which should be utilized for our noble, faithful, helpless, dumb servants, the horses, thus making them healthy and happy. —*The Buffalo Horse World.*

THE RULE OF HEALTH.

Hark, hither, reader! wouldst thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wouldst see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments, that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppressed,
Nor choked with what she should be dressed;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams;
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers,
And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends:—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and—thyself be he!

—*Richard Crashaw, 1610–1650.*

SIXTY-SEVEN STEERS SWIM TO SAFETY AT CALL OF THEIR OWNERS.

In response to their master's call, heard a quarter of a mile away above the roar of raging waters in the blackness of a stormy night, a herd of sixty-seven steers, penned in a lot surrounded by a barbed wire fence, leaped into the roaring stream from the spot where they had taken their last stand on high ground in the middle of the lot, swam over the fence, and swimming in a body, reached the shore without a single loss.

Frank Scott, the owner of the steers, had previously trained them to come at his calling. When the current marooned them at midnight he rode as close as he could and called to them with the astounding success reported.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

POLLY AND THE FOG.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in the State of Maine, but one that drew no salary, lived at the Portland Head lighthouse. It was a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean somebody would cry out, "Fog coming; blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick and the men did not notice it. But Poll did, and croaked out, "*Fog coming; blow the horn.*" Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll gives warning.—*Pacific Ensign.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.

I.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

G	A	L	F	S	E	N	A	A	M	O
P	I	E	D	F	L	D	C	N	S	R
W	N	R	S	I	F	I	C	R	R	E
H	E	E	L	R	E	R	E	A	C	K

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of articles used on the Fourth of July will be spelled.

II.

FORTUNE TELLING.

1. What should a Chemist's wife be named?
2. What should a Civil Engineer's wife be named?
3. What should a Gambler's wife be named?
4. What should a Clergyman's wife be named?
5. What should a Shoe Maker's wife be named?

—*Selected.*

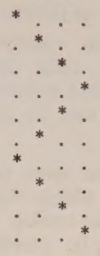
III.

ADDED LETTER PUZZLE.

Add a letter and change a small rope into tones in harmony; heart into a small job; practical skill into an animal; pain into frozen rain; a utensil into leather straps; disappeared into a part of the leg; waste matter into to beat; a prophet into pure; a lock of hair into a surly man; a reptile into a clasp; rent into a woody spine; scorches into a cutting instrument; wrong-doing into part of the body; sound of a horn into a little bone; an orb into to avoid; a straight line into polish; a small taste into a vessel; a father into a county; a part of smoke into reality; personality into a ledge; spoken into relating to an hour; perceived by the eye into a thicket.—*Contributed.*

IV.

A ZIGZAG.



All the words contain the same number of letters, and, when rightly guessed and written one below the other, the path marked by the stars will spell the name of a battle fought in August.

1. A company of persons, especially of ladies.
2. A metal.
3. A kind of bed.
4. To mend.
5. A sacred bird of ancient Egypt.
6. A girl's name.
7. A colony of the United States.
8. An ultimate indivisible particle of matter.
9. An aquatic bird.
10. To scorch, etc.

V.

CONUNDRUM.

What month, by the addition of one of the vowels in its name, without disarranging the original order of its letters, will spell the name of a city in New England?—*Every Other Sunday.*

Answers to puzzles in the June number.

I. HIDDEN CITIES.—Dayton, Norfolk, Salem, Mobile, Butte, Little Rock, San Francisco, Omaha, Troy, Madison, Lansing, Buffalo, Portland, Holyoke, Atchison.

II. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. Lash. 2. Mash. 3. Rash. 4. Sash. 5. Wash.

III. ADDITIONS.—1. All—Call. 2. Ale—Dale. 3. Ice—Vice. 4. Ash—Mash. 5. End—Lend.

IV. TREE PUZZLE.—Yew, ash, pear, date, caper, beech, balsam, black oak, fir, pine, plane, spruce, locust, palm, buttonwood, dogwood, hawthorn, elder, pepper, witch-hazel, willow (will owe), rock maple, pitch pine, scrub oak, Norway spruce, tulip-tree.

V. PI.—

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The present address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is College Park, Georgia.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of The Cheerful Letter Exchange, usually held on the first Friday of every month, will be omitted during the summer. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.